

FINNEGAN AIRS HIS GRIEVANCES AGAINST SCHOOLS

Irish Philosopher Discourses to Malumphy on Modern Methods of Teaching the Young Idea to Shoot.

By LIN C. DOYLE.

"WHAT was it ye were sayin' th' other day about th' way th' child-there was bean lurned?" asked Malumphy a few days later as he lolled in the barber's chair of state.

"Oh—ye—th' night we was takin' about th' women," responded Finnegan, dusting the frame of a Hair Tonic notice. "I was sayin' that mothers now-a-days cud do anything but intherfere wid th' thairmin' in their childther."

"Musha fwhat kind iv dope are ye givin' me, 'Nayshus'?" asked his friend.

"Tis true," replied Finnegan, stoutly. "Th' ould maids is to be th' child expertts, an' av Mrs. Solomon come to town she cudn't get a job tacin' A B C in th' schools."

"Well, 'tis a shame," answered Malumphy, "but all th' same they must look after th' childther at home."

"They must not," answered the barber. "Ye see, Jawn, th' home owes th' child a symmetrical development iv body, mind, an' heart, but it must come t'rough th' school intirely. Else 'twill intherfere wid Corrylashun, an' put th' kids in Dutch."

"Bedad, I niver heard iv that thin'," remarked John. "fwhat is it?"

"Tis fwhat they call th' lasht wurrd in Child Culchure. I cudn't tell ye exactly fwhat it is, but th' mainin' is that if ye want to tache a kid somethin' ye doant want to tache him that at all—but somethin' else. An' so av they want th' childther to lurn to do sums, they give him singin' lessons, an' av they want him to lurn histhry they tache him spellin'."

SPELLING VAGARIES INDULGED IN BY AN EDITOR.

"Bedad, I doant believe ye now. They tache thum no spellin' at all. They doant know how to spell thimselves, I'm thinkin'."

"Wittra, fwhat makes ye say that?" asked the barber.

"Twas lasht Winsdoh was a wake I was in here an' lookin' over a mag-zine that ye said some guy had left—'twas th' Iddycashn'! Revoc—an' fwhat th' Id'ther did to his spellin' sure 'twas a shame."

"Why, Jawn Malumphy, ye're crazy. Sure th' Id'ther iv that same was th' Pris'dint iv Columbya."

"I doant care who he was or is," retorted Malumphy. "He's illithrit. Av I had a bye tin year old that shepl't like him I'd lay 'm across we knee an' welt him."

"Well, I saw nawthin' iv th' kind," said Finnegan, "that shifit is too high-brow fr me."

"An' fr me, too. Sure I cudn't touch th' mainin' wid a forty two centymayter gun, an' when I seen him shepl't thurly t-h-o-r-o-l-y I didn't want to. An' t'rough he shepl't t-h-u-r-u."

"Well, I dinnaw. I didn't notish. But iv it was so ye bet ut's all right. Belike when ye get 'way up on th' roof in Iddycashn ye doant have to spell."

"I doant care, he's illithrit," growled Malumphy, "but how about this now—Corrylashun, ye was takin' about?"

pal, she say, I've had me eye on ye fr a fort-night, she'd say—an' out I goes.

"Did th' principal sit down an' hand out a bundle iv soft goods about how I showed a lack iv conthrol an' must reckonize me nayerber's rights an' claims? He did not. He took me by th' scruff iv th' neck out in th' hall, an' thin, wid a shtrap that he tuk fr'm his coat tail pocket, he welteed me good an' proper. Sure I can raymber that—even better than th' Maine. 'Twas aykynomical, too, Jawn, fr ye see they cud hear in th' rooms on th' hall: so



THERE WAS A PIN ON TH' CHAIR IV HIM AS HE SAT DOWN.

av on'y wan boy was licked two hundther was warned.

"But now 'tis differ altogether. Th' school mates in a big room an' sings. Thin begins fwhat they call a flag drill. I dinnaw fwhat ut means, but 'tis th' keystone iv Iddycashn. Th' kids dance 'round wavin' flags to a patriotic chune an' thin th' principal rades out th' notices fr th' day."

"Th' thurd grade will pass undther th' conthrol iv Miss Lulu Huyler th' day," says he.

"I have th' highest opinyun iv Miss Huyler's ability an' character," he says. "I haven't seen her yet," he says, "but before I hired her I had her pitcher sint me," he says, "an' a lock iv her hair," he says, "an' a heal' cert'f'it, an' a list iv diminshuns fr'm her dressmaker," he says, "an' also a di'gram fr'm her dentist fr fear she shud have buck teeth," he says. "Her left by-cuspid is slightly out iv plumb," he says, "but I hope that same will not intherfere wid her usefulness," says he. "She c'n sing, dance, play th' fiddle, an' make a Welsh Rabbit that wud melt in your mout' (at laste so I'm told), an' I hope she c'n tache all right. She is pleasant to look upon," says he, "for 'tis th' rule iv th' Board that childther must see on'y byewtiful thin's," he says, "that they may think on'y byewtiful thoughts," says th' principal.

"Th' fellyin' home radin' is reckyminded to th' classes named," says th' principal.

"Class in Commersul Mathematics, 'Knights iv th' Holy Kale' be Wilyum Jinnings Brine. 'Tis a pome," says the principal (removin' his glasses an' holdin' thim in his right hand), "calculated to corrylat th' career iv th' Great Commonest wid th' Vick lether."

FROM THE JEFFERSON IDEALS TO THE SHIPPING BILL.

"lass in Histhry, 'Dimmocracy an' Auto-biography," be Wudthrow Wilson. Wid th' full tixt iv th' Injanny-polis spache in th' back. "An' I wud say further," says he, agin removin' th' extra shades fr'm his windys, "that th' class is urged to attend a letcher in this room on Winsdoh avenin' next on 'Raycint Idayls iv American Dimmocracy," be Frank P. Walsh. "Twill be illusthrated," says the principal, "be movin' fillyments, but th' machine will be slowed down so that th' change fr'm th' Jefferson Idayls iv 1913 to th' Shippin' Bill iv 1914 can be follyed wid th' naked eye. All are welcome," says th' principal.

"I have also these notishes fr'm th' classrooms," he says:

"All reglar lessons for th' fourt' grade will be suspended to-morry, that th' pupils may attend th' circus. We desire," says he, takin' off his wind shields agin, "to corrylate th' inthire course iv shudy wid Nature Studies, an' 'tis expected that th' class will supplement its number wurk be countin' th' shtripes on th' Zebra," he says.

"I rejice to announce," he says, hangin' his storm dures on th' bridge iv his nose, "th' in-throjuicin' iv two advanced courses in th' school. Th' senior class in Domistic Synce will have three hours," he says, "iv laberty wurk in th' relation iv th' chafin' dish to aven-



TWICE ELIVIN IS NEARLY TWENTY-THREE.

in parties, while," he says, "th' junior class in th' kindygardin will have wan hour," says he. "in euginics," says th' principal, "an' I may be pardoned fr sayin', he goes on, "that these great reformuns puts us abreast iv th' mosht advanced schools in th' state," says he.

"Well, Jawn, so th' happy childther troops to th' classrooms an' Lulu Huyler takes th' desk in th' thurd grade."

"Dear childther," says she, "we will now sing 'Good Morrow, Merry Sunshine,' although," says she, "it's a divvie iv a day outside an' I had to shwim to get here. But niver forget," says she, "that th' thrue sunshine is in th' heart, an' th' sate iv happiness," she says, "is in yer insides," says she, "an' not on yer umbrellas," she says, wid a shmile that wud sugar coat a vinegar bottle.

"Is little Pattsey Finnegan here?" says she, lukin' at th' list iv names on th' desk. "Pattsey," she says, as me red-headed gossoon stands up, "sure, I know you an' me is goan to be great frinds. Can ye tell me, Pattsey dear," says she, "how far is th' sun fr'm th' earth?"

"Ninety-three millyun miles," growls Pattsey.

hangin' th' head iv him wid shyness an' kick-in' th' shin iv th' bye nixt to him.

"Why, that's right," says Lulu, surprised like, "how did you find ut out, Pattsey?"

"Th' lasht tacher tould me," says Pattsey, wrigglin' unaisy, as th' next bye shticks a pin in him.

"Thry to show more repose, dear," says Lulu, "an' I'm sorry ye didn't lurn about th' sun inductively—aven," says she, "av ye lurned ut wrong. Aloysius Flynn," she says, as Pattsey gives a yelp (fr there was a pin on th' chair iv him as he sat down), "did ye lave a pin on Pattsey Finnegan's chair?" she axes, lookin' at him sorrowful like, as Aloysius hangs his head. "Oh, dear bye, fwhat a lack iv conthrol sich a thin shows. Sure ye must reckonize Pattsey's right," says she, "to a sate," she says, "widout a shpike in it," she says. "I hate to be severe wid ye," she says, rachin' into her desk an' pullin' out somethin', "but ye'll have to take these pretty feathers," she says, "an' make an Injine head-dress as near like as ye can to this pretty pitcher," says she, handin' thim over, "an' so," she says, "ye'll have to be excused fr'm yer number wurk."

"Fwhat's number wurk?" asked Malumphy.

"We used to call it 'rithmetic,'" answered Finnegan.

"Excushe a bye fr'm 'rithmetic so he c'n make Injine head-dresses," said Malumphy, openin' his eyes.

"Faith," said the barber, "th' number wurk is fwhat th' childther like best." "An' now childther," goes on Lulu, "we will begin our number wurk wid a song an' dance. Th' chune is 'Oh, Ye Byewtiful Doll,' she says, "an' th' wurds is two times 'leven is nearly twenty-three,' she says, "an' th' shtep is like this," she

says, liftin' her dress a thrife an' shoppin' across th' floor like Brine doon a turn at Shtawquey. "Mamie McCormick," says she, shtoppin' sudden, "yer lukkin' but poorly, gurril, an' I'm afraid th' mintal shtrain iv th' is too much fr ye," says Lulu, "ye've a right to go home an' tell yer mother to put ye to bed. Och, childther," says Lulu as Mamie goes, "ye shud gyard agin overshtrainin'," says she, "fr this Iddycashnul Jiggernot kills more th' war itself," says Lulu. "But we must to wurk. Ye'll take these pretty flags," says she, "an' folly me round the room." Hee-hee-hee-e-p goes th' fiddle, an' away they go in a dance which is bechune a hop-toad an' a motocydel. An' they sing this, Jawn:

"Two times—two times 'leven is nearly twenty-three."

A silver quarter's tree times eight. Wid wan cent over fr to pay th' freight."

"An' after they get through th' byes lolls out an Injine canoe fr'm a log an' th' gurrils corrylates domestic an' sociable synce be lurrnin' to make lobster Newburg."

"Well, ather eight years iv this arjus wurk I get Pattsey a job wid Phelan, th' grocer. At th' ind iv th' wake Phelan calls him an' I go over to see about it."

"Phelan," says I, "fwhat's th' matter th' Pattsey? Sure 'tis th' fine Iddycashn inthire that I gev him. He c'n fiddle, I says, 'make Injine canoes,' I says, 'an' do rath wurk,' says I, 'an' as fr corrylashun, faith I cud corrylate th' moon wid th' monsoon wid out winkin'," I says.

"Belike he can," says Phelan, "but he can corrylate th' cranberries wid th' cash," says Phelan. "He c'n nayther write nor cypher, an' he's no good to me. For God's sake," says Phelan, "sind him to college, fr he'll niver be in th' grocery bus'nis," Phelan says.

"They'll not take him at th' big Eastern colleges," says I, "he d'n't weigh enough."

"Thin sind him to a hard-shell Baptist college in Injanny an' lave him lurn blackboardin'," says Phelan.

"An' they call that Iddycashn," said Malumphy, scornfully.

"That's fwhat they call it," responded Finnegan, as he lighted his pipe. "But I don't think it is," he added, after a few short puffs

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FRANKLIN T. ADAMS, Editor

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Motto: "He who to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Travel.

We have been told that we are too narrow and provincial. Well, maybe we are. We shall see.

We are going to give this country a good opportunity to show itself to us. We are willing to have it proven to us that there are other places than Gotham.

In fact, next Sunday's GAZETTE will be a Paris edition—by Gelett Burgess. Order your copy now.

LITERARY LISTENINGS.

By Mr. SIER.

—The Dutch Treat Club, a literary and artistic eating society, held an entertainment Tuesday night. The members entertained themselves and some friends.

—Before the last snow melted into HFO, the liquid fluid, Max I. Million Foster, author of "Keeping Up Appearances," and of etc., was seen sled-riding in Riverside Park, there being no "Keep off the snow" signs. Ah, Maxie, trying to renew the days of red sport!

—Ruben Dario, the poet in Spanish, who is spending a series of days and nights here, says he admires our ladies very much. Muchas gracias, or words to that effect, señor.

—Herewith we address and append a public letter of advice to Irvin S. Cobb:

Mr. Cobb, Esq.,

Hudson—super—Hudson

Apia, N. Y. City.

Dear Sir:

If the London Sphere prints any more articles by Irvin S. Cobb, we, without wishing to add to your onerous burdens, suggest that you cable its editor to look you up in "Who's Who in America" or in "Brad-

street's," or to cf. the case of Bardell vs. Pickwick and note Sam Weller's facilities. Or perhaps it would be cheaper, the copyright having run out on Dickens's works, to cable, "Spell it with a V."

Respectfully yours, etc.

—T. Everett Harré either wears or carries his tur coat these cold or warm days. This is the same coat that inspired him and kept him warm while he was writing that popular Romance of arctic love, "The Eternal Maiden."

—Six-cent bread and the poor sale of fiction are important topics of conversation in literary circles these war days.

BROOKLYN BITS

We are sorry to report as how Parson Trafford has resigned & is going to leave Bklyn. You will be missed hereabouts, Doc, say we.

Read ye cor's fine informative article about American exporters & British war laws in to-day's Gotham Tribune. Adv't.

We see that Olie Mor-doff's daughter is on the Honor Roll at Vassar. Cor's, Olie, who used to teach arithmetic, etc., to ye cor.

Well, Old Clint Hoard succeeded at last in selling ye cor. some life insurance. What was our surprise, Clint had to borrow a blotter from us to blot our signature. We thought ins. men carried their own blotters, Clint.

Answers are pouring in fine to our puzzle contest about the B. R. T.'s. Does Brooklyn want its new facilities indefinitely tied up? Contest closes Mond. March 1. Prize ans. the following Sund. in THE GAZETTE.

Frank Richards, of Flat-bush, fell & hurt himself Tues. p. m. but Geo. Merritt, the well-known M. D., fixed Frank up fine, who is recovering, is our report. (Ed. Use this item. It means 2 new subscribers, we bet.)

Why don't THE GAZETTE's New Rochelle cor. ever make mention about Herb Fryer, I of N. R.'s leading foremost steel magnates, who used to live in Bklyn? For N. R. Naggings read Bklyn Bits.

Hen Royce & better to be contemplating being the participants-in-law of Gil Halsted, THE GAZETTE learns.

Lots of news hereabouts this wk. but the tenant next door is playing Tippyary on a fractured phonograph. More anon!

The 2.45 a. m. Bay Ridge-Culver train from the Bklyn Bridge terminal on Feb. 12 DID NOT STOP AT UNION ST. like it should of, & a dozen persons was carried by to 9th st., had to wait for a train going back, & a "PLEASANT TIME WAS HAD by them. The conductor explained he HAD RECEIVED ORDERS AT ATLANTIC AVENUE not to stop at Union st. because the train was little late, was pretty well crowded. Well, now, if we was Presy Tim Wms of the B. R. T., we would make a small annoyance like THIS A BIG ANNOYANCE for the inspector, who ordered that train not to stop. It is occurrences like that make Bklynites disgusted with their tramcar service.

(for Scissors)

New Rochelle Nubbins.

Alice Marsh, whose husband Fred is showing some samples of his art work in the Library at Vassar. Cor's, Olie, who used to teach arithmetic, etc., to ye cor.

Society was out in full force Mond. eve. at the hall over Jake Grab's saloon & bowling alley to see "As You Like It" by Ben Greer's troupe, and made a good deal of the ladies resplendent in jewels which vied in brightness with gleaming shoulders and the rustling of satin intermingled with a noddy sprinkling of dress-suits. In deference to the Women's Club, Jake closed up the bowling alley for the night. The performance was on the whole creditable, most of the actors took their parts well but the play not up to what our public expect. Ben should realize that our town has progressed a good deal since he was here last, and either bring his plays up to date, or get a new one with more zippy stuff. In many of the jokes were old, especially the 7 ages monolog. The play was done in what is called the Elizabethan, or comic manner, and solicited roars of laughter, especially when the drop curtain was tore in two at the joints.

Melville Price is going to be Wash. cor. of the Hartford Courant ere long. Mel has a good southern accent which may be expected any time.

Every time Montie Schley sees ye cor. or his wife (sees ye cor.) he or she says "3 rousing cheers." They are omnivorous devourers of the World's Best Lit. especially the State Post of Slotham, Pa.

Since Bonnie Armstrong laid down the mayoral reins of the city of New London, that former major league whaling town, he has found that tempus does fugit so fast in the winter solstice. He has been remarked at the castle house in Gotham on several occasions and has also done resorting in Fla.

EARNEST GUY.

LOCAL NEWS

Ye ed. left Gotham Fri. ait for Chicago and pts. West.

Next week's Gazette. Paris edition. By Gelett Burgess—Adv't.

News are scarce this wk. we being too busy getting ready to go away from here.

Allen Broomhall was banqueting again last wk. at the Delta Upsilon convention.

Charley Riegelman is back from Pinehurst, where he gained 3½ lbs. He don't look so bad now.

Frank Vanderlip was to the Dutch Treat Club show Tues. eve. also Willard Straight, Martin Egan, Ed Harding and many others. An acc. of same appears in another col.

Looks like Bill Bliss had to get out Wednesday's World newspaper all alone. Herb Swope, Jo Pulitzer, Charley Lincoln and Walt Trumbull all being out Tues. night.

Connecticut Currents

To Esmeralda: Ask Cy (formerly Pete) Nast about the time Con Holly chased him in Morristown.

An accommodation train was observed on the Shore Line Branch of the N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. the other day & rumor hath it that another may be expected any time.

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EARNEST GUY.

THE EUROPE THAT IS "MADE IN AMERICA"

THE great problem of unemployment, which the war has brought on—namely, the question of providing for the thousands of tourists whose normal occupation consists in travelling about Europe, has been a severe tax upon our charity committees. Trips to Florida, excursions to the Pacific Coast, tours of our national parks—all these have been offered to relieve their distress, but without adequately solving the problem. The real solution would be to get them to work at the Europe that is "made in U. S. A."

For, despite the war, Berlin (Oklahoma), Paris (Arkansas), Brussels (Illinois), and Rome (Indiana), may still be visited with perfect ease. Indeed, why should anybody patronize a German Dresden when we have an American one in Maine? Why should he bother about a Hamburg in Europe when there are no less than nineteen of them conveniently scattered about in this

elberg (Mississippi). At last we shall cherish as they deserve the architectural glory of Florence (Utah), Milan (Tennessee) and werp (New York), the famous galleries of Vienna (South Dakota), the Alpine prospects of Georgia (Kansas) and Berne (Ohio), the regal magnificence of Versailles (Kentucky), the historic excavations of Pompeii (Michigan), the architectural splendor of Athens (Georgia), and the romantic and gay luxuriance of Venice (Pennsylvania).

In short, it will be possible to enjoy all the benefits of European travel without ever making life and lunch on the ocean.

KINGS AT THE FRONT

Although English kings have from time immemorial been closely associated with the navy and army, it is necessary to go back to 1743, when George II accompanied his army into the field to find a parallel to King George's visit to France, says "Tit-Bits." George II had a great passion for soldiering, and he often confessed that the proudest day of his life was when at Tengen, in Bavaria, he personally led an army of English, Hanoverians, and Austrians to victory against the French.

It was during this battle that the Cheshire Regiment won its badge, the oak leaf. King George was in danger of capture by the enemy, but the Cheshires fought so stoutly around him that his majesty was saved. The fight was near an oak tree, and, plucking a branch from the tree, the King gave it to the commander of the Cheshires, with the order that it should be the badge of the regiment that had exhibited such stubborn courage on his behalf.

Perhaps the greatest military genius that ever occupied the English throne was William I, who personally took command of a British fleet in 1066 against the French, being a feasted Engheim (Steenkirk) by the French under Marquis Luxembourg. Three years later, however, his majesty besieged and captured Namur, which historic and noble defence of the Netherlands which occupied his life is now only threatened by comparison with King Albert's heroism. An interesting fact that Mr. Geoffrey, duke governor of the Bank of England, accompanied King William at the Namur siege, and was killed by a cannon ball at his majesty's feet.

Since George II, however, accompanied his army in the field, no reigning English monarch has taken a place in the fighting line, although William IV, the sailor king, saw active service as prince, and served under Admiral Rodney in the naval battle of Cape St. Vincent.

It may be noted that, leaving aside the Balkan princes who fought in the last war, the Austrian Emperor and King Peter, of Serbia, are the two European sovereigns with actual experience of war in the field.



AV ANY WAN BOY WAS LICKED TWO HUNDTHER WAS WARNED.

"Sure 'tis like a bunch iv loose fish-hooks; as I was sayin' th' all hang together. An' av ye try to take out wan ye not on'y queer th' bunch but ye get th' hook."

"I believe in tacin' on'y th' issinchils," said Malumphy, aggressively.

"An' so do I," replied his host, "an' so does Doc Elliot an' ridge-or Ministegrad an' so does th' assistant professor iv Jack-stones in th' nearest kindygardin. We all believe in tacin' on'y issinchils. Th' grafe comes when we git together to find out fwhat th' issinchils are. Tis to Iddycashn fwhat 'La Liverpad' is to Mexico. 'Tis another case where th' daytates a more trouble than th' gin'ral principle."

"Ye see, Jawn, iddicashn is differ now fr'm whin you an' me was byes. We would rade I see th' O'x go up on th' box' (sure ut must v been a box cyar), an' get a pink cyard iv perit, or we didn't rade ut, an' get a pink welt across th' back."

"Faith I raymber whin I went to school n th' ould fourt' ward."

"Dionayshus," wud Miss Miles say, "was it you t'run th' shp'itball at Michael Bannigan?"

"Well, Jawn, me face wud give me away an' he'd write a note. 'Take this to th' princi-